



Life! Ah, Life!

What may this fluorescent pageant mean?

Who can the evanescent object glean?

He that is dead is the key of Life -

Gone is the symbol, deep is the grave!

Man is a breath, and Life is the fire;

Birth is death, and silence the choir

Wrest from the aeons the heart of gold!

Tear from the fabric the threads that are old!

Life! Ah, Life!

- L. Phillips Howard



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